

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.
THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
52 Main Street, North of Washington

By CHAPMANS & SPANN.

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION
Is published every Wednesday and Saturday, and during the session of the Legislature three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at Four Dollars a year, payable always in advance.

THE WEEKLY EDITION

Is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars a year, always to be paid in advance.

\$1 in advance will pay for six months.

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From the Home Journal.

THE DISOBEDIENT ONE.

A NOVEL.—BY JAMES W. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

“Twas a rough night—*Machaet.*

The storm howled horribly. The wind swelled and struggled impetuously through the forest. The trees rocked and crashed amidst; and fire and hail, and a horrible tempest poured madly from the skies. Indeed the wild havoc of the hurricane was terrible to witness. In a momentary pause of the tumult, a voice was heard amid the uproar; a voice of fear, a voice of help in the darkness. The cottage by the roadside heard the mysterious voice; his heart leaped at the cry, and he rushed out into the storm. A blast of wind dashed the pine branch from his hand in an instant; and he stood alone without a guide in impenetrable darkness. Again that voice of terror was heard amid the tumult, and he pressed bravely to the rescue.

CHAPTER II.

She says she will die if he loves her not; and she will die she will make her love known.—*Machaet.*

“Light there!” cried the harsh voice of the woodman. In an instant the pine branch from the cottage door flashed in a gleam upon his tall and swarthy figure. The light disclosed in his arms the fainting form of a pale sweet maiden. Her dishevelled locks lay helpled in glassy ringlets upon a neck of snowy velvet. Her eyes were closed, her arms folded helplessly upon her bosom.

“Charles!” she timidly articulated.

“Charles! what!” replied the forester, as he bore his lovely burden into the cottage.

“Who are you, rough man?” she exclaimed, slightly starting.

“Who’s Charles, tender kitten?” he rejoined.

“O, I cannot, must not tell.”

“Please you must.”

“No, no, no—do not make me do that.”

“Please you must,—perhaps I can—”

“It is—she began—“Charles”—she paused—

“Charles”—she panted—“Charles”—she whispered.

“Charles”—she said—“Smart!” she whispered.

CHAPTER III.

Neither tended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, for silvering tears,

Could penetrate her disconsolate pa-

geon.

“You have broken her heart, Mr. Maring.”

“Broken her little-fiddle! She must learn obedi-

ence, Mrs. Maring.”

“You cannot bear it by cruelty.”

Kindness in disguise, Madame. I seek her true

happiness.

“At the expense of her heart.”

“Her heart must yield to her judgment.”

“She must have no inclinations.”

“That is, she must have no heart.”

“She don’t want any.”

“She will do something wrong. She will leave you.”

“She shall not.”

“You can’t prevent it.”

“I will.”

“You can’t.”

“I shall.”

CHAPTER IV.

You are looked for, and called for, and asked for, and sought for.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Mr. Maring, in his dressing-gown and slippers, passed his morning tremulously and hurriedly. Suddenly, with an excited jerk, he pulled the bell rope. His servant opened the door.

“Have word to Miss Julia, I wish to see her before she retires.”

“Please your honor, her maid was just in the kitchen to say, sir, that Miss Julia was—”

“Was what, sir?”

“Was not, sir, sir?”

“Not what, sir?”

“In the house, sir?”

“Then where is she, sir?”

“Don’t my coat and hat—send Thomas here—bring me the Impero—ring the bell—give me my boots—be my pistols—leave the room, sir—quick, sir?”

“Please your honor, it starts.”

“It’s furious, sir.”

“So am I—begin it!”

CHAPTER V.

“Father, take him in thy arms,

I overheard a plot of death upon him.”

King Lear.

Crushed by the anguish of his despair, Charles lowered his head upon the table in his solitary room, and meditated upon the desperate scheme his friend had proposed. The hurricane beat upon the casement, but he heard it not.

“Oh, Julia!” he sighed; “shelved of my life! sweet sleep in the gloomy horizon of my youth! Why am I parted from thee? Why do I pine for the light of thy smile? Why do our hearts suffer thus! Must it so? Shall we never be united?”

“Never!” shouted a mad voice at the door, which was suddenly open, and admitted Mr. Maring, driven by a thunder-gust, that had left its dark scowl upon his face.

“Where is she, villain? Where’s my daughter, scoundrel! Speak, puppy! Don’t look on me, monkey! Where is she, hound! Speak, or I’ll blow you into dog’s meat!”

“You’ll do nothing of the sort!” bellowed a louder voice at his back, as a strong arm filled him senseless on the floor. “Twas the arm of the woodman. Kicking over the table and lamp, he seized the bewildered Charles by the waist, threw him over his shoulders, and strode out into the storm, as if he were but bearing a hare from the hunt.

CHAPTER VI.

King Lear.

In the woodman’s cottage was neither light nor fire. All was dark and lonely. A light would have disclosed a weeping maiden, in melancholy plight, seated on a low stool in a corner of the apartment. She had committed a rash act, but love had led her into the drooping form of the half unconscious lover.

“Who’s that?” he exclaimed.

“Alas!” she moaned.

“Is it possible?” he asked.

“It is,” she faltered.

“Am I not your Julia?” she sighed.

“Oh, bids indeed for!” he whispered.

“Ah!” she sobbed.

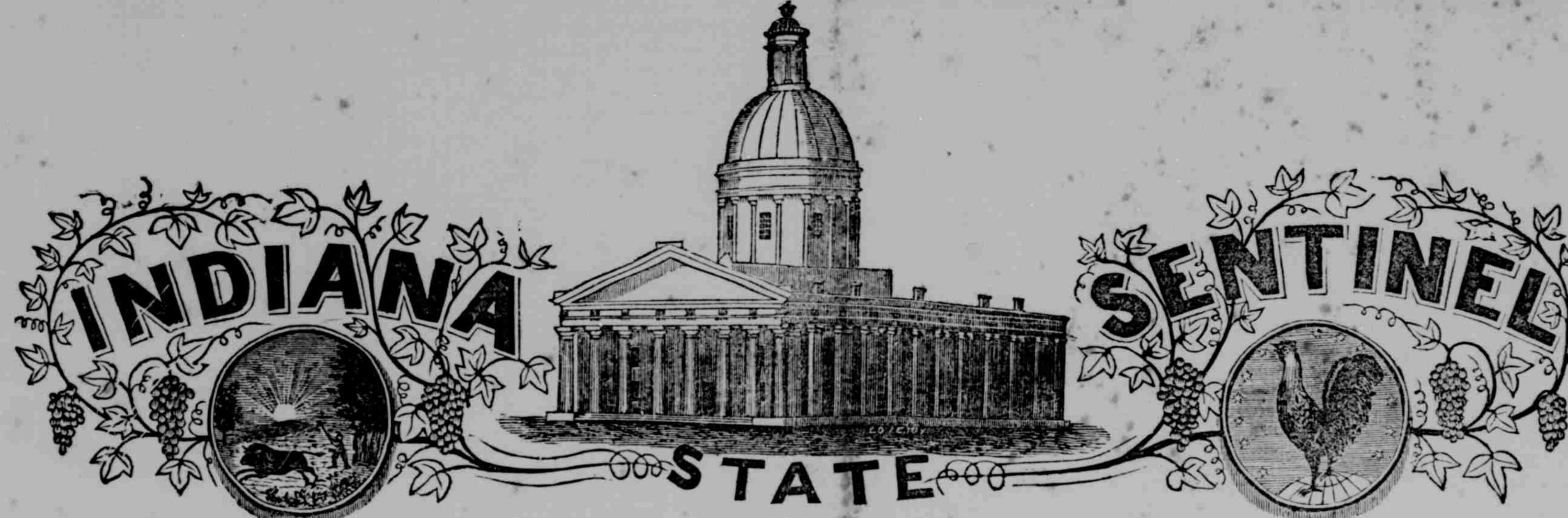
CHAPTER VII.

The Gent of Verona.

“Oh how the spring of love resembles
The summer of the world!”—*Richard III.*

Which now shows all the heat of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes it away.

The storm with its tumult had passed away. The early dawn dimly lighted the quaint columns and high



Indianapolis, October 9, 1847.]

SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume III Number 38.

BALADS OF THE PLOW.

Man loves his brother, and the sympathies of his nature are not subdued though he is much distressed.—*Dish.*

His chivalry and the charcoalman.

And piety was the time in which

His merchant was beside.

And mournful was the look he cast

Anon in on the ground,

And careless was the gaze he turned

Upon the people round.

A gloom was resting on his brow,

A trouble dire beset;

Ailing a new and darker hue

Than that of his former cheer.

While all the world around was bright,

And other hearts were glad,

Methought it was he walked alone

Of all the people round.

Why sighs she now, sad charcoalman?

What fails that bitter tear?

Is there no balm to ease thy grief?

No soothing power near me?

Then earnestly spoke the charcoalman,

“Good heavens!—what art thou?”

“What blunder is that!” said he,

“Horrible!” said she.

“Some wretched mistake!” said he,

“You are not my Charles!” said she.

“Nor you my Julia!” groaned he.

“No!” she shrieked; and was carried out fainting

in the arms of her unlucky preserver.

CHAPTER VIII.

If I have too severely punished you, your compensation makes good.”—*Tempt.*

Mr. Maring sat despondingly in his study, his head buried in flannel, his feet on a cushion. Mrs. Maring entered goodnaturedly and sat down beside him.

“Was I not right, Mr. Maring?”

“Yes.”

“You will be careful how you tempt her again?”

“Yes.”

“You have heard the story?”

“Yes.”

“Ridiculous!”

“Yes.”

“She is very penitent.”

“Yes.”

“Will you see the other Charles now?”

“Yes.”

“You will be careful how you tempt her again?”

“Yes.”

“You have heard the story?”

“Yes.”

“Then all will be well—and I will answer for her discretion and prudence for the future. She has had a valuable lesson.

“Charles!” she panted—“Charles!” she whispered.

“Charles!” she said—“Smart!” she whispered.

CHAPTER IX.

New fashion for the Hair.—*Boat and Hat.*

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